Dazzled

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Nigel crossed the wall to bring back the fallen star for Gabi, the last thing he'd expected was Adam.

NB: A little scene from the movie (not the book), which has some of the lifted dialogue but not necessarily in the same order as this is what worked better for the fic :)

“Oh!” Nigel sucked in a breath, dazzled.

That was the only word for it. Dazzled, as he watched Adam glow.

When the young man had literally knocked him off his feet a few days earlier he’d been quick to consider him a nuisance.

He’d been looking for the fallen star for Gabi, he hadn’t expected the porcelain skinned, curly haired beauty he’d found. Nigel wanted to fuck Gabi, and the main reason was because she didn’t want him. She was gorgeous and good, the sort of good not meant for Nigel. But he’d made a bet. Darko would fuck off and leave her alone if he crossed the wall and brought back the star they’d all seen fall. A token of… something. Not love, he definitely knew that now.

That thought pulled his chest tight, almost painful.

Truth was, Nigel usually got what he wanted, because he was fucking ruthless. He hadn't planned to take any shit in the hunt for the star and he'd had no qualms fucking anyone over in order to get it back to Gabi.

There was only one fucking problem. Adam was the star.

And even then, at the beginning he'd had no compunction. He could have killed the kid the first time they met, and might have if he hadn't wanted to drag the corpse all the way back to Wall. So instead he'd decided to drag the living man back there. And he would have done so if they hadn't been caught up in adventure, hunted, and escaped. All the strangest things he'd never expected when he crossed the wall.

And the thing he'd expected least of all - to fall in love.

Because he had. On that walk through the woods where Adam talked non-stop about the stars he had been amongst. On the ship where Shakespeare had taught them how to dance, he forgot all about Gabi and Darko, and the deal he had made.

It was a distant memory when he rode in the witch's carriage, a simple mouse, listening to Adam talk to himself and to Nigel. Trying to explain what he was thinking and feeling and realising that Adam had fallen in love with him too.

He'd been so glad of being a mouse in that moment. He'd had no idea how to react to the star's realisation, his confession. Not just because he'd never expected to fall in love, but because he had never ever expected someone to love him back.

Not him. Broken as he was. A criminal, and a scoundrel. The worst type of man in the whole of Wall. A reputation of fact that he would never be able to leave behind and so simply kept along with it because it was easier.

Nigel was thankful he'd been a mouse. And that he'd barely been able to focus on anything as Adam helped him to the inn they were now in once he'd transformed back. But he was awake now, awake and aware of Adam and himself, his feelings.

Nigel stood behind the intricate woodwork of the screen that separated them, watching Adam relaxing in the bathtub. He was glowing.

It wasn't as bright a glow as Nigel had been increasingly noticing. That warm shine when they'd danced and every time they laughed together or talked about everything and nothing. All the times when his own heart swelled and he thought less and less about Gabi, much less returning to her or Wall and the terrible life he'd made there.

But even so he was dazzling. And so very fucking gorgeous.

"Did you mean what you said, in the caravan?" The words were out of his mouth before Nigel had a chance to think about it, and Adam startled, the water sloshing as his eyes met Nigel's through the lattice work for just a moment before they were cast down.

"I'm in the bath," Adam blushed but didn't stop glowing. "I'm naked."

“Here,” Nigel picked up the towel from next to the fire and closed his eyes as he stepped tentatively forward with it. “I feel like one of the blind mice.”

“Not a mouse any more,” Adam observed as the sound of water continued and then there was a sharp tug of the towel from Nigel’s hand. He opened his eyes as Adam fixed it around his waist, his beautiful, lithe torso on display. Nigel drank in the sight.

“No, not any more. But I heard you. What you said. Did you mean it?”

Adam’s blush deepened, spreading down his neck and even across his chest as he looked down at where his fingers worried the edge of the towel.

“You were a mouse, I didn’t think you’d understand.” Adam frowned, “I asked for you to give me a sign if you understood me.”

“I’ve told you before, Adam. I’m a bad man, I’m no good. Not for anyone. And regardless of how I feel, you shouldn’t love me. I’m not a-”

Adam looked up sharply, frown still in place as he cut Nigel off. “Yes, you’ve said that. You’ve told me since the moment we met, but your actions speak louder than words. This whole time I’ve known you, you’ve done nothing bad, you’ve done nothing but be good and honourable. You’ve helped people, you’ve helped me.”

“Adam,” Nigel released a sigh. “I did that so I could take you back to Gabi.” He knew the lie in those words even as he said them. That might have originally been the intention, but somewhere along the way he’d been freed from the reputation that hadn’t followed him to this place and he’d been the sort of man that someone like Adam could love.

Adam shook his head, “No. I might have fallen out of the sky, but I’m not a child, I’m not naive. I know you’re a good man. And so, yes. I meant what I said.”

Silence fell and for once in his life, Nigel didn’t know what to fucking say.

Adam was right, he had been nothing but good, and over time even his motivations had become good. If he took Adam back to Gabi now it would simply be to say goodbye to her before starting his life over. With Adam, if he really would have him.

That thought was broken by Adam moving forward, rising on his toes just enough to press his lips softly to Nigel’s.

Nigel slid his hands up to cup Adam’s face, returning the kiss before pulling back. Studying the man who was now so bright he was beyond dazzling.

“Do you want to know what the Captain whispered to me?” He breathed the words just above Adam’s mouth, thinking back on those words as Shakespeare had set them on their path back towards Wall.

Adam nodded, his eyes darting to Nigel’s lips as he licked his own.

“He told me that my true love was right in front of my eyes, and he was right.”

Their mouths met again and Adam moaned as Nigel gathered him up into his arms.

With a tenderness he'd never realised he possessed, Nigel set Adam on the bed and watched as he made the star grow brighter and brighter until the whole room dazzled.

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